LOOK OUT FOR THE ZEPPS *and be sure to sign our Free Insurance Coupon, page iii of cover.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No. 565. | SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

38061

A For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

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but the greatly increased demand is such that Grocers and Stores are compelled first to consider the normal requirements of their regular customers wanting the milk for infant feeding. It has been so largely used for 50 years as an infant's complete diet that its distribution becomes of national importance so as to

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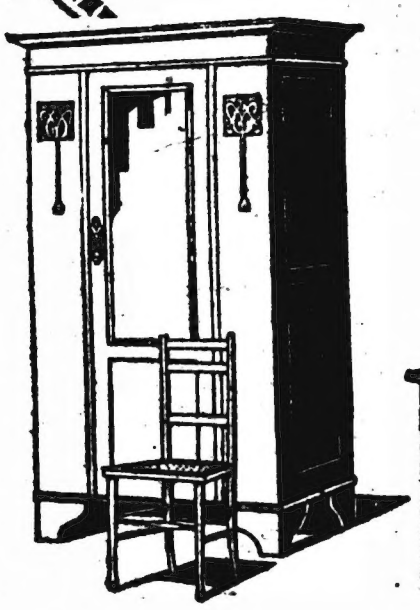

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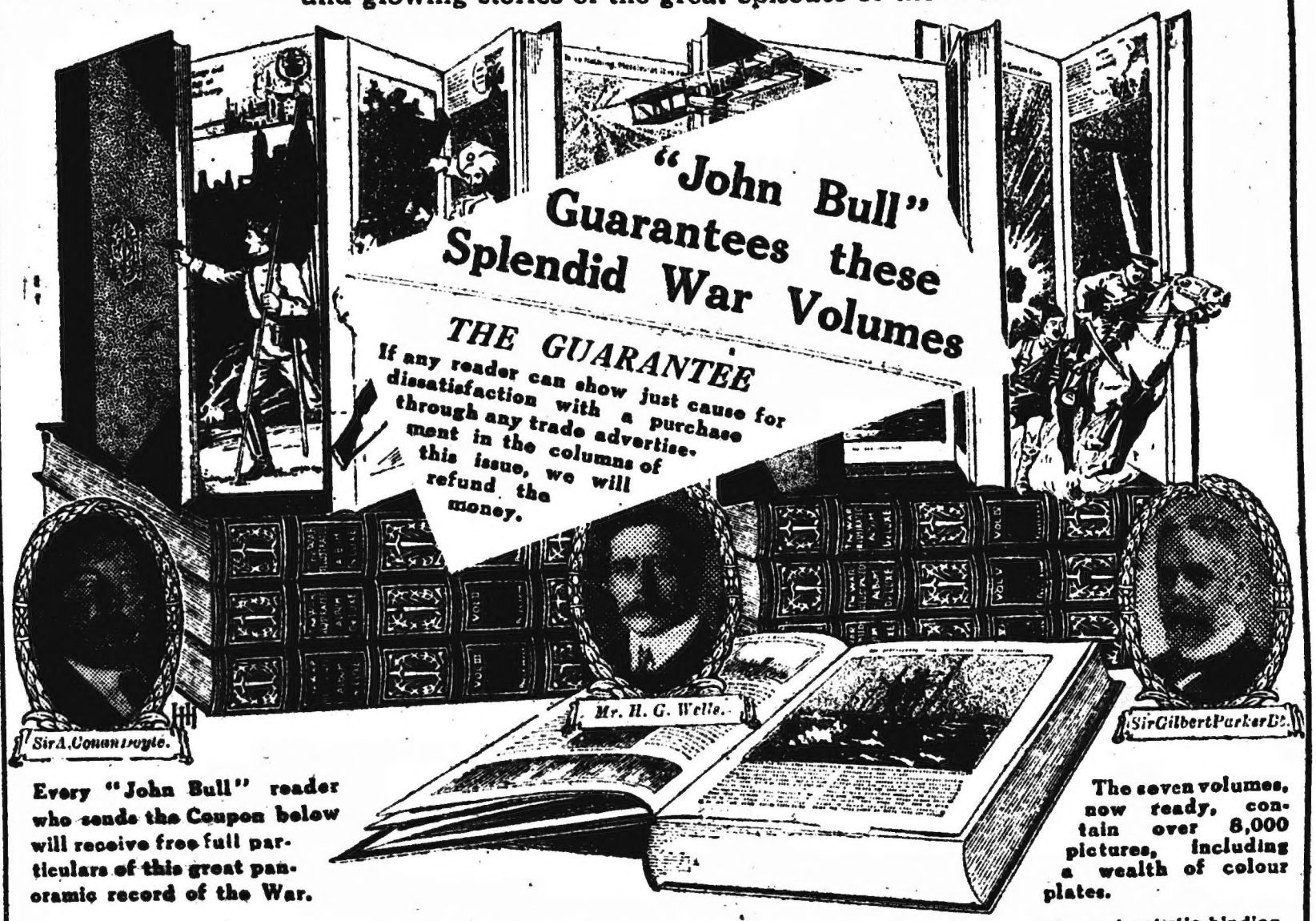
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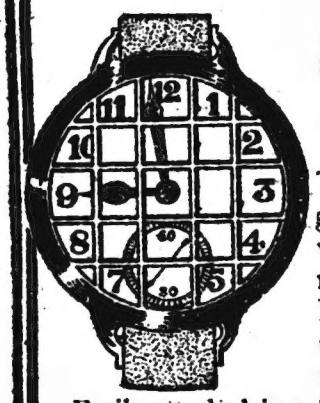

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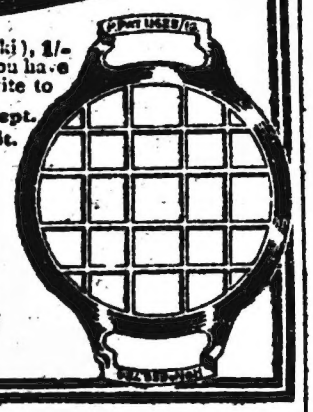

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 565. Week ending Saturday, March 31st, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Quite So.

Thus General Sir Edward Hutton: "The British successes are only the beginning of wonderful things. We are on the eve of great things. Great and stupendous success is assured—and a triumphant termination of hostilities." *That's* the way to talk.

Ireland.

So one more effort is to be made. But when the Ulstermen and the Nationalists *have* come to an agreement, what about the Sinn Feiners? Poor Erin!

"Artful Asquith."

Do you remember that comment of ours when, in the days of the old Liberal Government, Mr. Asquith paid Mr. Lloyd George the compliment of leaving him to negotiate a settlement of the Irish question?

The Party Game.

Don't run away with the idea that the game of Party is quite played out yet. Ask Mr. Gulland.

The Old Story.

We are still running the Government—which now announces that men of sedentary occupation, and of 38 years of age, are not to be subjected to the same severe trial and route-marching as younger recruits. It ought not to have been left to us to insist upon this Order.

A Sly Dig.

We should have enjoyed seeing the face of one Minister when Mr. Asquith, in his opening sentence about the Dardanelles, casually mentioned the fact that the Report was a slur not only on himself but upon "certain members of the present Government." But he uttered never a word!

Tommy's Three Requests.

In "London Pride," now playing at Wyndham's Theatre, there is a summer-house scene in the grounds of a hospital for wounded soldiers; and when a nurse has installed one of the patients—Mr. Gerald du Maurier—in his lounge chair, she says:—"There's your cigarettes—there's your matches—*and there's your* JOHN BULL." Lucky Tommy!

Still Happier Huns.

Humane readers will be gratified to learn that tame Huns, now interned in the Isle of Man but formerly domiciled in London, are to be transferred to the Alexandra Palace in order that they may be near their families. It is understood that they will be permitted to receive them once a week, and it is hoped that the tedium of their confinement may be thereby much relieved. And the next thing, please?

Those Traitor Princes.

Watch the trickery going on about that Bill. *Who* is stopping the progress of the measure? *Whoever* he be—let him beware!

'Varsity Spies.

So young Bethmann-Hollweg and von Hindenburg were both students at Balliol—sent specifically from the land of *Kultur*. For what purpose?

Woolwich Talk.

It is common talk in the Arsenal—and these people get to know things—that Germany, like Turkey, is very short of munitions—for which fact God be praised.

Awkward for the Premier.

How will Mr. Lloyd George tackle the duty, which attaches to his office, of nominating new Bishops as vacancies occur? Dr. Clifford and the Rev. F. B. Meyer are not eligible, you see.

Hard—and Soft—Cash.

Commenting on a Love-Your-Enemy sermon by the Rev. W. Cary Ward, the *West London Press and Chelsea News* discredits our journalistic efforts on the ground that they represent "hard cash." What about the rev. gentleman's salary—is it "soft" money?

Make Sure.

As will be gathered from the announcements on other pages, the Government is about to prohibit the system of newspaper publishing known "On Sale or Return"—which means that newsagents will not be permitted to send back their unsold copies. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that our readers should place an order with a newsagent or bookstall for a regular supply of a copy of JOHN BULL.

Another Prosecution.

According to *Everyman*—throwing its prophetic eye to the year 1925—we gather that:

> The trial took place yesterday of Mr. Horatio Bottomley under Defence of the Realm Regulation 9,282, Section 47, Sub-section 12B. It was alleged that the defendant had frequently, during a period of ten years, urged that certain enemy princes, members of the House of Lords, should be deprived of their British titles and dignities. It was pointed out by the Prosecution that this constituted a serious breach of the regulations against annoying the enemy. . . . Mr. Bottomley (who conducted his own defence as usual) was fined £10,000, and sentenced to twenty-one years' penal servitude.

And just when we thought we were getting straight!

You cannot afford to omit signing our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii of cover.

A Good Omen.

A Berlin telegram, speaking of the enemy retreat in the West, says: "The operations were carried out like peace manœuvres." If they prove no more successful than the Huns' latest peace manœvres, we may hope for the best with some reason.

A Real Blunder.

To make the retail price of swedes the same as potatoes was an absurdity. Surely it is obvious that, to eke out a short supply of the latter, an inferior possible substitute should be sold at a lower price. What housewife is going to buy swedes if she can get potatoes at the same figure?

For Windsor P.O.

It is common knowledge that no eligible man attached to the King's Household in any capacity has been encouraged to stay at home; we believe all have gone. Perhaps, therefore, the Postmaster at Windsor would consider the possibility of employing ex-soldiers, elderly men, or women, as night-operators at the Windsor Castle Telephone Exchange.

To Mr. Prothero.

A Canadian soldier, attached to one of the Canadian Offices in London, would like to employ his spare time in producing food for the nation, and wants to know "why a large tract of land like Clapham Common, practically virgin soil, remains idle whilst hundreds of men like myself would be delighted to cultivate it, if it were split up into allotments, and willing to pay for the privilege?" Peradventure Mr. Prothero, the Minister of Agriculture, will tell us.

Only a Definite Order will Procure *JOHN BULL*, see page 23.

The Wrong Way.

The falling birth-rate is undoubtedly a serious problem, and one which will have to be tackled. A lady, writing in a Sunday paper, attacks—as might have been expected—the selfish bachelor, whom she wants abolished. She says that bachelorhood must be made "less comfortable than marriage," which is surely rather an admission. But her suggestion that a Royal Commission be appointed is amusing. Does she want the whole question shelved indefinitely?

Ministering to their Needs.

All the way from a district indicated as "In the Wilds of S.W. Africa," comes a good story told by an officer. He relates that he was approached by two hungry, armed Ovampos—the said Ovampos being members of a savage race. As the best way of assisting them, the officer "gave them the enclosed, and told them to take it to the Mission Station." The "enclosed" was a little poster of ours:—"John Bull.—*Wanted, a Minister for Food*"! We really do hope that ministers, hot or cold, were not on the day's *menu*.

Twice Punished.

While travelling along the Grimsthorpe Road in a transport wagon, a private in the Army Service Corps shot a pheasant. The murder being out—now for the sequel: In the first place, the delinquent was "thoroughly punished" by his C.O. for his act of blood and slaughter. He was afterwards brought before the Magistrates at Bourne on a charge of "game trespass," where, despite a sensible suggestion that the case was a "very trivial one to bring against a man who was fighting for his country," the Magistrates ordered the culprit to pay 22s. costs. There is no doubt that Tommy *does* get made a fuss of in these stirring days of war.

Tea and the Wrapper.

We are glad that at last the flagrant injustice that compels a purchaser of packet tea to buy the heavy wrapper as well seems likely to be remedied. It ought to be illegal for the dealer to supply less than the quantity asked for. The purchaser plainly says, "A pound of tea," but the package handed out to him is not a pound of tea. There is also the matter of the small shopkeeper who sells "loose" tea by honest weight. He charges the same fixed price, and is forbidden to supply 15 ozs. of tea and a lump of lead foil.

Frills and Fashions.

On April 16th commences a fine free show for milliners and drapers, at the Agricultural Hall, London. It will be an Exhibition of Drapery and Ladies' Wear, the trade only admitted. On view will be large numbers of highly-dressed ladies, in pretty frocks and peekaboo blouses. There will be a band to listen to, and the Lord Mayor of London to open the show. All will be frills, frivols, furbelows, finery, fun, figure, and fashion. We suppose the ladies cannot do without this sort of thing, but we really think they might try.

The Miners' Mis-Representative.

Mr. R. Main (mis)represents the miners at the Hebburn District Council. On the vote to contribute £50 to the Hebburn Volunteers, Mr. Main declared he was "proud to be a Conscientious Objector; no military law could make him a soldier." The proposal being carried by 7 votes to 4, Mr. Main-ly-a-Worm described the minority as "four real Christians." The Chairman suggested that "some men thought the defence of their homes should devolve upon others," referred to "the drivel uttered by a representative of the colliery," and wound up: "The miners were men, but now and then a jellyfish got amongst them." It will suffice if we approve and endorse those sentiments.

The Look Ahead.

It was said of somebody American, that if his foresight had been equal to his hindsight, he would have done better by a durned sight. With our compliments, and accepting the same in the spirit in which it is meant, we offer Lord Devonport the advice to survey the food situation in the spirit of this warning. He will notice that the prices of all vegetables it is possible to use as substitutes for potatoes, even down to rape tops, are soaring. In order to get the parasitical profiteers in hand with respect to these things, it is essential his Lordship should sit on their heads as soon as possible. Which reminds us that, in consequence of the rise in onions, the shopkeepers are putting heavy extra prices on their stocks of mixed pickles. What amazing days we do live in to be sure!

Peace and the Sword.

Mr. Noel Buxton, of the "League to Enforce Peace," thinks that the swords might have been broken into ploughshares and the spears into pruning hooks if we had accepted "the terms it would have been possible to get from Germany a few months ago." They would have included, it seems, "the complete abandonment without exception of Germany's claims to retain the land she has conquered," indemnity to Belgium, cession of French Lorraine and the fortress of Metz, with the international control of the Dardanelles, guaranteed by America. All this Mr. Buxton has from "the highest authorities" in America. Happily, while the highest authorities deluded the innocent abroad, we got on with the war. Yet a little while, and the Devil, beaten, will be glad to detail terms of peace on his own behalf. It will then be time enough to consider whether they will suit the earth on which we live.

The "John Bull" Pen Edition will be sent free on application.

A Card.

Somers Town Specials present their compliments to Fulham comrades, and condole with them on the removal of seats from their point-boxes. At the same time, they suggest the Fulham men are high in luck, because Somers Town has robbed its Specials even of their point-boxes, so that in the wildest weather there is not a foot of shelter for them. Which is a deep injustice to a body of men, not young, devoted in patriotic and voluntary service to the State.

A Fighting Bishop.

In refreshing contrast with the pacifist prattle of a few obscure clerics, and the open sedition of one Roman Catholic Bishop, are the robust utterances of the Right Rev. J. T. Murphy, R.C. Bishop of Port Louis, South Africa. "Let no one prate of peace," says this militant ecclesiastic, "until it is gained through incontestable victory"—and again, "There can be no acceptable peace until reparation is made for the crimes that cry out to Heaven from land and sea." Other parsons, please copy!

Objects in Clover.

It is to be hoped there is no truth in the statement made to us that, in the Maida Vale premises of the National Health Insurance Commission, there are employed some twenty to thirty Conscientious Objects. It is put to us as a disconcerting fact; with the further information that the Objects are specially favoured by being kept strictly apart from other employees—for fear, perhaps, that their nasty complaint may be catching. When the Government is calling for men, it does seem strange to find them employing worms.

Night Observation.

There are volunteers at Knossington; good. There are also four soldiers not far away, doing night observation work; good again—though the reverend gentleman who writes about them in the *Knossington Monthly Magazine* does not share our view. He thinks the volunteers might do that duty and so save money, but he describes it as "simple, and (in the opinion of most) useless work." It was certainly not necessary to point an argument by casting a slur upon, and hurting the feelings of, men who are helping to combat the Terror that comes by night.

Going from Putney.

A Putney landlady, called upon to billet soldiers, did her best. Two of them, leaving after ten days, required rations for 48 hours, so she packed them some nice little parcels. Two more soldiers, when they departed, received rations for 24 hours. The Army representative settled accounts in the landlady's absence, with a sister of hers, but paid nothing for those rations. When she went to the barracks to complain, she was offered a 1s. in settlement. To start with, we would ask whether twelve pence is the official price for 72 hours' rations for four men?

Serf Labour.

An orphan lad of 16 was taken into the employment of a Yorkshire farmer, on condition that he should serve till he was 21 for sixpence a week and his keep. Of the weekly sixpence 3d. was given to the boy in cash and the remainder banked to his credit. In these circumstances it is not wholly surprising that, when the boy got his hand on a little of his employer's money, he should have fancied he had some sort of a right to it, and we are glad to notice that the Huddersfield Bench, while placing the lad on probation, "disallowed the prosecutor's expenses." Before the war we were frequently engaged in the exposure of similar scandals, but we have seldom met with a more flagrant case.

No Doctors' Bills.

Those who want "their days to be long *in* the land" should go *on* it. A farm manager told the East Dereham Tribunal that he had a team-man, aged 79, who had never lost a day's work, never had a bottle of medicine, nor a tooth drawn save those he had pulled himself—and he had offered himself to the Army. A Grand Old Man, indeed!

Stinging Sarcasm.

A remark dropped at Truro Tribunal has made one reader very angry. A coal dealer complained that he should be called before a younger man, employed by a coal firm. And Mr. Rilstone cried: "We cannot deal with a firm. Oh, no! This is a single man business, and a poor man, and he must go." Our friend is wrong in taking the words seriously; they were spoken in stinging sarcasm. And they are worth recording because they crystallise very patly the attitude adopted by so many Tribunals.

Mean Manchester.

Manchester joins Cautious Cardiff and Businesslike Birmingham. When an employee of many years' standing joined the Army, the Corporation added 4s. 3d. weekly to the allotment money of his wife and three children. Now that Government has made that small extra grant, Manchester Corporation has commenced to give nothing. Married women without children still get the absent husband's salary made up, but a wife bringing up a family is at once shot at. Cannot the Corporation see the injustice of this?

FILL UP THE ORDER FORM ON PAGE 23 *NOW*.

The Unmerited Slight.

Officers of the Merchant Service send us many letters of thanks for calling attention to that new rule which orders them to wear their gold braid narrower, and to remove oak-leaves from caps. It is a far-stretching regulation, for it tears the crown-badge from the caps of officers on boats carrying H.M. mails. Whether it is a sensible idea or not, is not the point. The whole heart of the thing lies in the doing thereof at this special moment, when the Merchant Service is behaving at least as well as anybody else. To tear off the badges just now was thoughtless and—shall we say?—thankless.

What is Trading?

It is conceded that, under the Lord's Day Observance Act of 1677, it is illegal to keep open a shop on Sundays, but this broad statement apparently needs qualifying by the words, "for the sale of goods." For any other purpose, it seems, a shop may be kept open without fear of the law. Thus, at Grimsby a tradesman was able to show that the only business carried on at his premises on Sunday was by means of automatic amusement machines, whereupon the Magistrates dismissed the summons, on the ground that no actual "trading" had taken place. The distinction seems a sound one.

Not a Bad Penny.

There is a lady in Birmingham who, the other day, bought a drink, and, we believe, consumed it. Leaving that astonishing part of the story, let us continue in a more credible vein. The barman suggested that she had tendered a bad penny. Really, she had changed a silver coin, but, to save argument, she offered another copper in place of the suspected one. On examination, the "bad penny" proved to be two pennies fastened together, with a hollow centre, brooch-wise, containing the portraits of two British officers. The lady thinks this may be a lost relic, prized by somebody. If so, she will be pleased to restore it.

Try "Bullets," the Competition with most prizes.

A New Reading.

With apologies for re-opening the Lord Roberts "quotation" subject, a correspondent suggests that the words, "A nation on its knees," could refer only to Germhuny. In that sense, we agree, he might have used the phrase.

Reckless Waste.

That notoriety-mongering gentleman, Mr. Pethick Lawrence, is going to have short shrift as a peace candidate in the South Aberdeen election. The other day he enlisted in his aid his illustrious friend the Herr Ramsay von Macdonaldbacher, £400 a year M.P. for Leicester, but no sooner did Herr Ramsay appear on the platform than he had to retire before a salute of howls, catcalls, political eggs, rotten vegetables, unutterable fruit, "and even potatoes." It was a hot reception; but we do hope the good folk of Aberdeen will not waste any more tubers.

Bungled Business.

The Air Board, sitting at the Hotel Cecil, has decided, by way of a change, to run its salary list on a business basis. Pay-day used to be on Wednesday, when the cashier brassed-up for work done up to the preceding Saturday. The business plan was to pay every Saturday for the week's labours; a very sensible notion. But it was carried out by deducting half-a-week's money, the sum due on the Wednesday, and holding it as security. As the parties concerned are mostly girls, this is a high-handed and, possibly, dangerous proceeding. It certainly is not "business."

Tommy First.

The regulation of street collections, so as to stop the bogus concerns, many of which we have exposed, has our strong approval. But there are limits. The Edmonton Green Committee is a genuine body, spending £123 monthly on gifts and entertainments for the wounded in local hospitals. They are permitted only one collection monthly, which is insufficient. As a result, a member has been fined 10s. or seven days for collecting without permission. Money was subscribed for his defence, but he preferred to pay it into the fund, choosing to go to prison rather than Tommy should be deprived of his comforts. In a case so undoubtedly genuine, surely a freer permit would benefit everybody.

Waifs and Strays.

There is an aspect about the case of two boys, admitted into the Conway Poor Law Institution from one of the homes of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society in an emaciated condition, which it seems incumbent on Prebendary Rudolph, the Secretary, to explain to the public. When these boys arrived at Conway they are reported to have been practically skeletons; "in three weeks after arrival the elder gained 5½ lbs., while the younger gained 3½ lbs." There is nothing in the record of the Waifs and Strays Society, which we have every confidence has long been doing a valuable work of practical humanity, to suggest that the allegations reflect on the Society as a whole. It is essential, however, that the matter should be cleared up, and that whoever is responsible should cease to have the confidence of the Committee and subscribers.

Queer.

From the *Lennox Herald*, Dumbartonshire: "Broody hen, white (black spots), returned forgiven, or lose Christ, the brooding hen. Cock crows. Alan Bayne." What's the matter with Mr. Bayne? Have the Lunacy Commissioners overlooked his claims to attention?

An Inquiry.

Will the Ministry of Blockade please inquire into recent shipments of petrol and paraffin to the Faroe Islands? Isn't it a fact that the quantities are far in excess of any possible local requirements, and is not there reason to fear that large quantities of these valuable commodities are finding their way to the Huns?

Full Weight, Over Pay.

Compelled now to give full weight, the bakers have organised a barefaced ramp to make the public pay heavily for their honest measure. Recently they met and decided to put up the price of bread to 1s. per 4 lb. loaf. Most of the Weights-and-Measures Inspectors seem to have joined up; we suggest to the recruiting officers that they should do their very utmost to make some of those bakers join up also. It would be a pity to allow them to do the plundering while other people are doing the fighting, if by any lawful means they can be got into khaki.

"Printed in Germany."

After thirty months of war, the stocks of Germhun-printed or Germhun-made goods are still being unloaded upon the patriotic Britisher; even in the military canteens. "I am enclosing you a picture post-card which was bought last evening in our dry canteen," writes a soldier stationed in the Isle of Man. "We get one and twopence ha'penny a day, including what we have to allow our loved and dear ones at home, and we are not grousing as long as things are something like, but why should we be insulted in our canteens by having to take or leave photo-cards of our own homeland printed in Germhuny?" We certainly do think that they ought to be put out of bounds.

A Priggish Parson.

In his parish magazine, the Rev. A. W. Ramsay Murray, Vicar of All Saints', Bedford, says: "I have long been aware that many of our congregation would welcome the completion of the ceremonial at our Sung Eucharist by the use of incense. Wishing to meet the legitimate desire of those who have been so loyal to All Saints', and also to have a means of counteracting the unpleasant odour left after a Parade Service, I approached the Bishop for permission to have a limited use, namely, at the introit. However, he does not see his way to grant what seems to be a reasonable request, so for the present we must go on without this most devotional and scriptural adjunct of worship." In other words, this demi-semi-Roman Catholic priest in the wrong place, unable to obtain the use of incense in his church on the real grounds of his beliefs, makes his application to the Bishop on the plea that incense is necessary to counteract the nasty smell of the soldiers who attend worship in his church. On the face of things, the rev. gentleman is an ecclesiastical prig of the first water.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Forthcoming Government Restrictions.

Readers are informed that the Board of Trade will very shortly issue an Order prohibiting the system of supplying newspapers "on sale or return" to Newsagents and Bookstalls throughout the country.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that every reader places a definite order for John Bull *with a Newsagent or Bookstall Manager—otherwise he may be wholly unable to obtain a copy.*

An order form will be found on page 23.

Would your wife like a fur coat free? If so, see "Everywoman's," one penny.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

DEAR MR. ASQUITH,—On behalf of the whole nation, I thank you for your eloquent tribute to the sacred memory of Lord Kitchener, and I warmly associate myself with your unsparing denunciation of those who "have taken advantage of his absence to belittle his character, and as far as they can to defile his memory." As you rightly say, such base efforts can never succeed. "Lord Kitchener lives in the gratitude and admiration of the British people of the whole Empire." Well spoken, sir; you and I, at any rate, recognise our privileged responsibility as "trustees of his name."

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Fisher of Kilverstone.

DEAR "JACKY,"—You are becoming quite an orator, and I believe you already hold the record for brevity in Parliamentary speeches. The other day you got up in the House of Lords to state that, in regard to the Dardanelles Report, you had nothing to say, and having made this striking pronouncement, you flitted from the scene before your noble auditors had time even to applaud. I fully appreciate the motives which inspire your eloquent silence, and I realise, too, that it was a nasty knock for ——, but that, of course, can never have occurred to your plain, seafaring mind. What a delightful, innocent, artful, stubborn, clever old sea dog you are!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Devonport, Food Controller.

DEAR DEVONPORT,—When you kept a grocer's shop in London you were generally considered a pretty smart tradesman, offering very little harbourage to flies; but I am afraid your later dignities have somewhat obscured the clarity of your judgment. To be quite plain, you are making a shocking mess of the national catering business, and unless I see early signs of improvement I shall have to speak to you in stern and scathing terms. Frankly, I am not going to see the nation drift into the horrors of famine for want of a little plain speaking, so if you have any real plans for the "control" of the food supply perhaps you will let me hear of them by return of post. What's the trouble—the politicians?

JOHN BULL.

To John Redmond, Esq., M.P.

DEAR MR. REDMOND,—I am kept pretty well informed as to the course of events in Ireland, and I am perhaps more familiar with your difficulties than most of your English critics, but I beg you not to withhold your co-operation in the latest effort of the Government to find a solution of the Home Rule problem. I well remember your patriotic action in the early days of the war, which then enabled us to present a united front to the enmity of the Central Powers. The need for unity remains urgent, and I therefore urge you to take your courage in your hands and fling yourself whole-heartedly into the scheme of settlement. And then you and Carson can tackle Sinn Feiners together!

JOHN BULL.

To Neville Chamberlain, Esq., Director of National Service.

DEAR MR. C.,—Sir John Baddeley has had before him at Guildhall a case which, from statements made to me from time to time, appears not to be uncommon—apart, I mean, from the man's criminal offence. The prisoner had been discharged from the Army with an injured foot, and he was charged with stealing letters from street letter boxes. Hitherto he had borne an excellent character. His explanation of the moral lapse was that he was driven to it, as owing to the fact that he had volunteered for National Service nobody would give him work. And I have no doubt what he said is true. A man applies for work, reveals he is a National Service volunteer; and, because he is liable to be called up in such circumstances any time you want him, the prospective employer turns him down and looks elsewhere. If you cannot fit this ex-soldier into a job, free him so that he can find a job for himself. Otherwise, voluntary National Service will tend to assume the character of a compulsory infliction.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Alderman Leach, Magistrate, Darlington.

DEAR OLD ACQUAINTANCE,—I want to know why you had "got your knife" stuck so deeply into a soldier, one of two charged before you as absentees. Right away you expressed your intention to fine the man. Even the Superintendent was moved to ask: "Hadn't you better hear the corporal first?" The corporal then explained that the man would be fined by the military, and you retorted, "You can fine them as much as you like in addition." So you fixed your infliction at £2. No wonder the poor shilling-a-day man appealed for "a fair trial and a solicitor." "Certainly," you agreed—and I can imagine you gloating at your own cleverness—"there is a solicitor in court. Nothing would please me better, because it would cost you more." The patient soldier inquired why he was fined when the other defendant was not fined, and the Clerk explained, "Because you are better off." Now it does not seem to me that a soldier is "better off" in coming before you for justice. You appeared to rejoice in milking that man's pocket, no doubt priding yourself on doing your "duty" so mercilessly. As you threaten "to-deal more severely" with future cases, I plead with you not to resort to "anything with boiling oil in it."

JOHN BULL.

To the Very Rev. the Dean of Hereford.

VERY REVEREND SIR,—I suppose you expect to be addressed in some such style as the foregoing, so I do so to oblige. But I shall lose my reverence for you if youu repeat such slanders as this: "When the troops returned to this country there would be the most awful things possible to imagine," unless the sale of drink was prohibited. You insult the Army by imagining that every soldier is crowing to come home to get drunk. Have you any relations out there? If so, they are included in your libel. Every woman, with a son or husband fighting, feels the horror of your wholesale indictment—so undeserved, so totally untrue. But you want alcoholic liquor stopped during the war and for six months after, except for medical cases "and for religious purposes." That is what makes me smile. If alcohol is wicked, how on earth (or in heaven) can it be justly used "for religious purposes?" Possibly the "religious purposes" include a byumper for deserving Deans after dinner.

JOHN BULL.

To George H. Morley, Esq., Secretary, The University, Birmingham.

DEAR SIR,—Better late than never, but better never late. With evident reluctance, and not until the local Corporation threatened to withdraw their essential contribution to the maintenance funds, the Management Committee have decided to patronise and shelter the Herr Dr. Karl Wichmann no more, and he has now vacated the chair of Germhun language and literature in the University. I have no personal feeling against Dr. Wichmann. He may be one of the nicest Huns in Christendom, so far as I know; but the place for all Huns is Hunland, and I have long thought that Dr. Wichmann ought to return to his happy home. In this country a Hun may do the nastiest things in the nicest way. It behoves us all to eliminate his chances.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. George Barnes, M.P., Pensions Minister.

DEAR PENSIONS,—Have you had an opportunity of testing the statements made by Frank Broderick, a soldier discharged from the Connaught Rangers and admitted into Athlone Workhouse? According to his story, he has fought in Gallipoli, Serbia and France, was discharged last August with a pension of 5s. a week, and being unable to work and knocked under by want, he has had no alternative but to go into the workhouse. If these are the facts, be good enough to excuse my saying they are damnable. No soldier with such a record, except as a result of his own bad and incorrigible conduct, ought to be put in such a position. It is so cruel, outrageous and ungrateful that every patriotic citizen must be shocked by it and ashamed of it. For goodness' sake get something decent done in the matter! A workhouse is no place for the country's heroes.

JOHN BULL.

THE CURSE OF FOREIGN QUEENS.

KEEP OUR THRONE BRITISH—THE DANGER OF ALIEN CONSORTS.

By Charles Palmer.

LONG-standing customs, principles even, are in the melting-pot, and out of the cauldron of war will come many things in new shapes. The People, those who in the last resort are the true sacrificers and sufferers in war, will assuredly assert their will over Kings and Princes. Nothing will be quite the same; many things will be tragically or happily different. Those who unleashed the dogs of war know not the real quarry they are hunting. Self-interest has blinded exalted ones of the earth; they cannot see the meaning and significance of their own acts; and the future, red with Fate, crimson with the force of circumstance, is hidden from their eyes. Look where we will, we see the earth in travail. One mighty upheaval which has overturned a throne and changed a servile nation into a great free people, is but the portent of yet more wonderful happenings. Democracies are realising their true power; Emperors and Kings are understanding their real weakness. Except a throne be founded on liberty, it cannot stand. If rulers forget the ruled in the glorification of self and the lust of personal interest, their ultimate fate is as certain as that night follows day. The era of autocracy hears its death-knell, the days of the tyrant are numbered. And we who live under the free institutions of a great Commonwealth, with a King as revered ruler and over-lord, can afford to take stock of the world and point the moral of nations in the throes of change.

The Marriage of Convenience.

But even the great and free and liberty-loving British Empire cannot pass untouched through the radiating heat of revolution, or remain unmoved and unaffected by the lessons of this new-made history. We have seen the end of the Romanoff dynasty; we are already picturing in anticipation the downfall of the throne of Greece. In both cases marriage has been the curse of the throne; in Greece, as in Russia, a Royal Consort out of sympathy with the ideals and aspirations of the nation has in the one instance caused its overthrow, and on the other has sown the bitter seeds of weakness in the Palace and resentment in the People. Surely there is here a moral that he who runs may read. The time is past when princes and potentates may order their lives according to their own choosing, or arrange the business of marriage with more regard for Royal punctilio than for national welfare. In every other branch of human life love is the foundation of the nuptial ceremony, and the marriage of convenience is regarded as something unlovely in itself and charged with the risk of unhappiness. But the ordinary individual is, after all, responsible as much to himself as to society; those born in the purple, by a right once called Divine, and now resting on nothing surer than the right of succession, have a still higher duty—a duty to the State.

Betrayal by Queens.

This war, which has upset so many of our preconceived notions and relegated to the scrap-heap a thousand cherished beliefs, has made it plain that the Emperor or Prince who seeks a consort outside the ranks of his own People, and endeavours by using the sacred ties of marriage to secure international amities, is fashioning ropes of sand. To-day the Czar—who, to save his subjects from blood and anarchy at home, while the Russian soldiers are fighting and dying as a great and splendid disciplined force in the field, has been forced to abdicate his throne—would be still the Little Father but for the curse of a foreign wife. The cruel and sordid intrigues, the gross and criminal betrayers who have sullied the Court of the Romanoffs have had their centre and mainspring in the entourage of the Czarina. While the Czar struggled to fulfil his sacred duties to his People and his pledged word to the Allies who loyally came to their assistance, the Czarina focused to herself all those forces which have crippled the Russian fighting arm and would have betrayed her into a separate and a shameful peace. You can understand the danger that confronted the Allies when, in order to prevent Russia breaking away, the bribe of Constantinople and the Dardanelles had to be offered, and offered to the nation to whose assistance first France and then England came in the hour of her sorest need. The terrible treachery of the King of Greece—treachery which helped towards the tragedy of Gallipoli and brought the Allies to the point of disaster in the Balkans—is the work of another German woman. In Russia we have had the Czarina, who was the Princess Alixe of Hesse-Darmstadt; in Greece, Sophia of Prussia, sister of the Kaiser, still Queen of the Hellenes, who has worked and schemed that Greece might be false to her trust, that the bloody designs of the Criminal of Potsdam might prevail.

In the Courts of Europe.

German penetration has been thorough; the thrones of Europe, like the markets of the world, have come under her baleful influence. King Ferdinand the Infamous of Bulgaria is a cousin of the Kaiser. Princess Victoria of Baden married Gustav, King of Sweden. Princess Alexandra of Mecklenberg-Schwerin is the Queen of Denmark. The Queen of Holland has as Royal consort Prince Henry of Mecklenberg-Schwerin. Prince Peter of Oldenburg married the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Czar; Princess Marie of Mecklenberg-Schwerin married the Grand Duke Vladimir, uncle of the Czar; Princess Elizabeth of Hesse-Darmstadt married the Grand Duke Sergius, uncle of the Czar; Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Altenburg married the Grand Duke Constantine, cousin of the Czar, and Princess Alexandra of Altenburg married the Grand Duke Nicholas, cousin of the Czar. Is it to be wondered that German influence has permeated the Court of the Romanoffs?

Some Fair British Flower.

Surely all this has but one lesson, one meaning. Kings must choose their Consorts from among the women of their own peoples. Princes must not marry outside the land of their rule. With these modern and immediate instances of danger to their own subjects from the old and vicious custom of hawking their Royal hands over half the world and seeking Consorts from anywhere save among the daughters of their own nobles, the duty of Constitutional sovereigns is plain. For generations the name German will be a by-word and a reproach among us, and thank God the strain of Hunnish blood is now as water in our real Royal family. The time cannot be long distant when the gallant young soldier, heir-apparent to the throne of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, will be taking to himself a wife. The hearts of millions of people will go out to him in affectionate sympathy—of the millions who have given of their dearest to ensure the power of the British throne—if the Royal consort is some gracious girl of British birth and blood—some fair flower of the aristocracy which has justified its blood and re-established its strength in the esteem of the People. It is the national prayer that custom may be forgotten and Britain's pride be remembered when the Prince makes his choice.

A CLOSING ORDER!

A BRANDY PROSECUTION.

DYING WOMAN AND GRAVESEND POLICE.

The Chief Constable of Gravesend lately made an application to the local Bench for permission to withdraw a summons against a dead woman—a highly reasonable request, to which the Magistrates were pleased to accede. This extraordinary incident was the climax of an amazing prosecution under the Liquor Control Regulations—the landlord of the "Brunswick Arms," Gravesend, and his niece being summoned for selling three-pennyworth of brandy during prohibited hours. The brandy was intended for the relief of a dying woman who, but for her untimely decease, would have had to answer a charge of "aiding and abetting" the publican and his niece, against whom there were further charges for selling a quantity of spirits "less than a reputed quart," and failing to label the bottle as required by the regulations. It seems that on the night of the alleged offences a boy had been sent to the "Brunswick Arms" with an intimation that his mother was seriously ill with a heart seizure, and a request for a little brandy to relieve her distress. The landlord's niece, knowing the gravity of the woman's condition and forgetful for the moment of the stringency of the regulations, complied with this request, and was instantly pounced upon by P.C. Harris, who confiscated the brandy and laid an information against the landlord. It is possible that if the unhappy patient had not been robbed of the needed stimulant, she might have lived to answer the charge against her; as it was, the police plans were wholly defeated, the remaining summonses being dismissed by the Bench. However, common fairness compels the admission that, but for the chivalrous intervention of P. C. Harris, a dying woman might have been permitted to sip a little brandy in rank defiance of the Liquor Control Board—and, in the circumstances, we suggest that Lord D'Abernon and his colleagues should decorate the gallant officer with a large tin cross.

AN INDIAN HAIR HUNTER.

HOW THE CHEROKEES USED TO PINCH SCALPS.

John Hart Brittain is what Artemus Ward would have called "an amoosing cuss." Hanging out at 2, Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road, John will, if you send him 6d., let you have what he admits is a "tiny" sample of his Indian Hair Elixir. But a circular letter comes with it, and its rich impudence is almost worth the money paid. His Hair Elixir, says John Hart Brittain, "is from the original formula of the Cherokees." You are to use the stuff in a most original fashion. "First: With the tips of your fingers and thumbs, gently and rapidly pinch your scalp." We have read in Fenimore Cooper that Indians used to pinch other people's scalps. The third direction for making one's hair grow is also quaint: "Breathe deeply three times." Were a bald-headed man to breathe deeply three thousand times we do not believe it would encourage hirsute growth on the top of his cranium. But you must "stand near the window" and "breathe the air in through the nose." Evidently Mr. Brittain does not think it would have any effect on your love-locks should you merely cough up the chimney. But other things are wanted. "It is also necessary to apply Cherokee Auxiliar twice a week." "It is true to its name," says Brittain; so please note the name—"Aux-i-liar," if you spell it in syllables. You can get a supply of the two things for 5s., but John Hart Brittain advises you to go the whole hog and have 12s. 6d. worth. That is where we differ, for we advise no expenditure of the kind, counting the original outlay of 6d. quite sufficient. There is an illuminating P.S. to John's letter:—"Frankly, I do not expect to remain in London for long." We prefer to allow that sentence to speak for itself. If it is the fact that "there are upwards of a third of a million Indians living in North America, and every one of them has a fine growth of hair," no wonder the bears are nearly exterminated!

THE RUSSIAN CRASH.

THEY WHO SOW TYRANNY REAP TEARS AND TRIBULATION.

By A. G. Hales.

THE old order changeth—the times are in travail; the new era is coming into being, not for Russia only, but for mankind in general. Germany was the Judas amongst the Apostles who were working for the emancipation of man from the thraldom of the ages. The Huns put themselves in the path of progress and tried to stop the natural evolution of our species—for, prior to this war, man was slowly evolving from darkness towards the light of reason. For a million years mankind and womankind have been gradually but surely climbing upwards, reaching blindly from the valleys towards the mountain-tops where perfection of species will some day be found. Humanity as a whole was far from perfection in 1913, but mankind was closer in touch with ideal things before this war clogged the wheels of progress than at any other period in the world's history. Even the Germans, foul as they are, had improved outwardly upon their past; but their culture was only skin deep—they had never even understood the true meaning of the spirit of liberty; their conception of God was a half-mad mountebank who in his utterances invariably coupled himself as coequal with the Creator. Their idea of colonisation was military despotism.

Was This War Forcordained?

We, who live such a short time and then pass away like last year's leaves, can of necessity know but little of the vast plan of nature which has been fretting things into shape through æons of ages. We know that great wars have taken place in the past; we cannot always be sure of the causes or the consequences of such wars, but on the whole, the weight of evidence tends to show that war on a vast scale purifies the world and makes eventually for progress. And though the path be wet with blood, it leads upward. It may be that in the scheme of universal things the Huns have no longer a place, and that this war had to be accomplished to rid the earth of a race of beings who believed in nothing but brute force and bestial possessions. They stand a race condemned—not out of the mouths of their critics, but by their own deeds. Their colonies were an offence against civilisation, a foul stink in the nostrils of humanity; rape and wrong, murder and enslavement, followed in the new lands wherever the German eagles flaunted in the triumph of possession. The soil of their colonies was soddened with the tears of the aboriginal peoples; they never elevated, they degraded and debased; they were wicked in their wanton white savagery, and the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. They have been the scourge of the world. This war may be the sign of that evolution which in time sweeps away ruthlessly all who hinder nature. As they were in their colonies, so they were and are in every land that ever gave them sanctuary. But nowhere did they bring the national characteristics so promptly into play as in Russia. And yet—so strangely do the wheels of destiny work towards the ultimate perfection of the scheme of things—the very baseness and greed of the German character have, all unwittingly, worked for the salvation of the Russian people, whom the Germans so long and so thoroughly sought to undermine and destroy, whilst accepting hospitality within the Muscovite Empire. During my travels in Russia on two occasions—once in peace, once in war—I had ample opportunities of studying the German methods which have helped so largely to rouse the Muscovites to the revolutionary point. The Kaiser's satellites made themselves masters of Court circles, mainly by bribery and corruption. Their evil influence permeated political and diplomatic coteries to such an extent that Berlin knew almost as much of Russian plans as Petrograd, and often frustrated them. Men secretly nominated for the Duma by German agents were "run" by German money, and were the Kaiser's tools—as some apparently are in Britain.

How Germany Dominated Trade.

Trade of almost every description in Russia was dominated by Germans, and just prior to the Russo-Japanese war more than a third of all Germany's manufactures went to Russia and was spread over the whole of the Empire—even to the sea gates of Port Arthur. A credit system was worked up with devilish skill, and pressed home with damnable malignity by German agents—until Russia could scarcely call her soul her own; hard and unrelenting taskmasters they proved themselves when their grip was secure. Everywhere—in city, town and hamlet—German names were over vast numbers of shops, warehouses and marts of commerce like the ancient plague of lice in Egypt. They overran Muscovy even to the little clusters of cabins in Tartary and the more inhospitable part of Siberia. They had money invested at enormous rates of interest in steamboats plying on every river, and their capitalists were interested in the timber and oil trades far and near, great and small, until it became a bitter proverb that a Russian could not cut his corns or trim his beard without getting German sanction. Another proverb sprang into use—it was a household saying that Russia was a honeycomb, and in every cell where there was honey there lived a German.

The Curse of the Muzhiks.

The Muzhiks, who form the toiler and the small farming classes, came under the German curse. German moneylenders got a grip on vast numbers of the latter, and—true to their instincts—they ground them into the dirt, and the Muzhiks suffered because the moneylenders left little wherewith to pay for labour. Millions of them appealed to men in high places for protection; they appealed in vain—German influence was too strong. How strong such influence can be we Britons know, for we cannot even close German banks in our midst in war time—small chance had the Russian poor in peace periods. Then the Germans repeated the mistakes they have made throughout their whole history—they had crushed the people; their storekeepers had charged their own prices; their usurers had exacted their own rates of interest—out-Shylocking Shylock, they took their pound of flesh and the blood with it. Behind all this was a great banking system backed and engineered by the Kaiser's agents. Everything Russian was taken into account except the slumbering hate of the masses of the people, used by long practice to ignoring or suppressing their own power. The Germans looked with contempt upon the humbler sections of Russia's millions—the blundering fools have never learnt that in all countries it is the masses of the people who in the end decide the destinies of the nation. They squeezed the Muzhiks to the marrow, through the storekeeper and the employer, until the people rose and cried in their despair, "God is afar off, and the Tsar's ears are filled with Berlin wool!" The war intervened, and with the war came serious shortage of food—in a land that should and could be the granary of half the world and the meat market of Europe. Thus the storm, so long gathering, broke like a thunderclap, and the revolution, which has emptied a throne, and changed a nation of semi-serfs into free men, startled the world—the Russian people, with one gigantic bound, found their souls, and the German nightmare is banished from their midst!

THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CONTRAST IN MR. JUSTICE ROWLATT'S SENTENCES.

Though the experience of Mr. Justice Rowlatt suggested to the Treasury Counsel at Lewes Assizes the reasons for accepting from the prisoner a plea of guilty on a less serious charge, there is no question that manslaughter at least was the moral offence of the female fiend of Horsham, Mrs. Annie Turney Purkiss, wife of a soldier now in Cairo. The victim in the case was the woman's stepdaughter, a child of 14. For some reason or other not explained, she had conceived what must have been a malignant hatred of the child; "the curse of my life," she called her, and what with the cruelty of starvation, the cruelty of neglect, and the cruelty of savage violence, there is no doubt in our mind that she killed the child as surely as if in momentary passion she had smashed in her skull with a coal hammer. Here was slow murder and slow torture. Over and over again the neighbours on each side of the house where the woman lived heard the sounds of the child's agony. Almost always they knew when the tigress was at her little victim. One day one of them—Mrs. Staples, the child's helper and defender as far as she could be, though we wish she had called in the police at the time—heard "something knocking against the scullery wall." When she went in she found the fiendish stepmother holding the child by the throat, "having got her fixed in a corner," and she was banging her head against the wall. "The child was helpless and could not even scream or call out, owing to the manner in which she was fixed by the throat. Witness struggled with the prisoner and got the child away; prisoner tried hard to get at Lily again, but witness prevented her," and "when she went to Lily she found the hair hanging all over the child's face, with a cut on her head and blood streaming down." That was but one brutal episode in a series. On another occasion Mrs. Staples heard through the dividing wall the cry, "Oh, don't, mother!" She went into the house at once, and found the woman again in the scullery, beating the child with "a copper stick (produced)—a heavy stick about three feet in length, knotted, and well over an inch in thickness. The child was being hit across the shoulders and the back with very violent blows." The day came when the witness found the child ill in bed, and nursed her until she could no longer conceal from herself that a doctor must be called in. When he came he gave the child "a few hours to live." The hours passed, then a Voice called and a Hand beckoned, and probably for the first time in her life the tortured, emaciated, long-suffering child was at rest. The doctor "detailed a long catalogue of bruises and abrasions, cuts and wounds, which he found on the girl when still alive, all of which he thought were caused within 48 hours of death." At the inquest, and probably also at the trial, a photographer produced four photographs of the child's body, showing the cuts and bruises. They were the evidence of the child's long torture, deep graven on the dead flesh which quailed and shrank no more. They were shown to the prisoner; what wonder that, when she saw them, she "suddenly fell back in the dock in a faint"? The actual cause of death was pneumonia, accelerated by cruelty and neglect. "The child's father was at the Front," said the Judge, addressing the prisoner, "and the infamy of the treatment meted out to her is enough to make one's blood boil. Her stomach was bruised. Her head was cut to the bone and she was lacerated throughout. There she lay and you never asked a doctor to attend her. A more wicked and scandalous story I have never heard, and you will go to prison for one year and nine months with hard labour as a warning to all women who abuse children." As far as we are aware, the last manslaughter charge to be brought before Mr. Justice Rowlatt was also against a woman—Annie Motson, only 19 years old and of irreproachable character, who killed her illegitimate infant in the particularly distressing circumstances which we have already detailed. Although the jury strongly recommended her to mercy, Mr. Justice Rowlatt actually passed a sentence of five years' penal servitude. In one case, long-continued fiendish torture, lasting until death came as a merciful release; in the other, a single momentary act, committed by one little more than a child herself, suffering intolerable mental anguish. Five years; twenty-one months! No wonder a petition is being got up for Annie Motson's release, or a considerable reduction in her sentence. We sincerely hope that the effort may be speedily successful. Surely never case more urgently called for revision.

THE LUXURIES OF CONSCIENCE.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMONGERS AT PRINCETOWN.

A soldier's wife, writing from Princetown, tells us: "The first batch of conscientious objectors have arrived here at the prison, to find everything possible for their comfort—arm chairs, billiard tables, with a piano to follow in a day or two. Their first dinner consisted of roast beef with two vegetables, and a milk pudding after. They are free to go or come up to half-past nine at night; there are to be about 1,000 of them, with nothing but their conscience and a policeman to keep order. Yesterday I saw a young warder, who had served his time and fought in France for over a year, driving a prison horse and cart bringing their luggage from the railway station, the C.O.s looking on and grinning to see him struggling to fix it up, he not being allowed by the new Orders—which were read out on parade before they arrived—to order them, nor must they be spoken cross to. They are also to have far mo[illegible] food than the Food Controller consents to allow each patrio[illegible] if the Orders read out are to be adhered to." The thoughts [illegible] the wives of the ex-warders who have been in France since Mons, when they see these great strong cowards wandering round as though they owned the place, can be better imagined than described. These brave women's feelings need not be thus outraged, as the Objects could well be restricted to the large prison grounds and farm, which possess plenty of good roads—their visits to the village are quite unnecessary, as everything they require is contracted for and brought to them inside the prison. All of which goes to show that the Government are almost as kind to British Conscientious Objectors as to interned Germhuns—of whom 27,613 are combatants and 30,525 civilians. What a fine country this is not to get out of!

KHAKI FRAUDS.

WAKE UP, SCOTLAND YARD!

We are, of course, well aware that when the police are said to be "on the track" of a delinquent, or to "possess a clue" to his identity, such hopeful assurances are not to be received too literally; but it is surely high time that Scotland Yard had something to report in regard to the various "khaki" frauds exposed from time to time in these columns. The latest of these cruel swindles is reported from the neighbourhood of Stamford Hill—where, during the recent coal shortage, a khaki-clad adventurer, posing as a sergeant in the Royal Fusiliers, visited a number of cottages with the pretence of having coals to sell. In addition to the chevrons of his supposed rank, the "sergeant" wore three "gold stripes," and on the strength of his statement that on account of the shortage of labour the Army Service Corps were delivering coal at 1s. 8d. per cwt., payable in advance, he seems to have done a thriving business with housewives at their wits' end to obtain supplies of fuel. Receipts for the money were given, also numbered vouchers to be exchanged for the coal when delivered; but of course the whole thing was a hoax, and the coal was never seen. This latest trick is strongly reminiscent of the rascally enterprise in the Chiswick neighbourhood described in these columns not long ago under the heading "A Billeting Fraud," and it seems more than probable that in both cases the same swindler was at work. The indecipherable signature upon the bogus billeting cheques bears a sufficient resemblance to that of the coal receipts to justify this suspicion; which is further strengthened by the women's description of the personal appearance of the man with whom they dealt. Obviously the case is one for a brisk offensive on the part of the police.

CLOSE THE

THE TREACHERY OF THE NEUTRAL

By THE E

WHERE are we? It is almost time we asked the question and sought for an answer. No one would accuse me of impatience where the present Government is concerned. When it was formed out of the chaos left by the "Wait and Sees," and everyone was expecting miracles in a night, I pleaded for time for Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues to look around—I urged the need for patience, and pointed to the danger of expecting wonders. I knew that if the Prime Minister and his colleagues were to do justice to themselves it would be fatal to rush them into action and decisions. Well, I am not expecting great things even now. I know that there are no super-men in the world to-day; but surely it is time Ministers got a real move on in some of those matters which are their chief concern—the conduct of the war at home. I won't say that we are getting back to the old bad policy of drift, but there is far too much wrangling talk, far too much of "debate" when what the country needs is decision.

Why Waste Time in Talk?

Why, in the name of all that makes for efficiency, should the Prime Minister give up the time of Parliament to futile Irish debates and to Dardanelles discussion? I am certainly of the opinion that the ghastly tragedy of Gallipoli is one of those things which might well have been put on one side until we have made an end of the German tragedy. It would have been different if the old Government had been still in power; for then that Report would have acted like a high explosive shell, and blasted them from the dug-outs of Downing Street. But, under Providence, we have got rid of them, and unless there is to be a definite impeachment and trial at Bar—personally, but for more serious occupation even than hanging ex-Ministers, I should be all for arraignment in Westminster Hall—no useful purpose has been served by publishing the Commissioners' Report. On the contrary, it has done harm, because it has shown to the enemy the type of individual who may at any moment usurp the reins of government in this free land of ours, and it gave the traducers of Lord Kitchener an opportunity of venting their venom on the dead hero. That display of personal spite, first engendered by the politician and imitated by the journalist, is one of the meanest, sorriest spectacles of our public life. It is to the credit of Mr. Asquith that he of all men should have confuted these backbiters—these would-be besmirchers of the name of the honoured dead. And as one who holds very sacred and dear the memory of Lord Kitchener, I thank him for his defence of the great soldier. Perhaps some day we shall make it impossible for mean men to libel those who have passed away, and we shall be able to call them to account for attacks they would not dare to make while a man is alive and able to defend himself. I am not one of those who believe in saying only good things (and often lying things) about the dead. But I resent fiercely the manner in which the lice of the Press have crawled over the reputation of Lord Kitchener.

Hope for the Empire.

Surely it is time that Parliament returned to that state of mind which distinguished it in the early months of the war. We do not want "full dress debates" on half-dead subjects. If the House of Commons *must* talk, let members address themselves to vital matters, and so help the Government to get on with the war at home. When I speak of the "war at home" I mean the prosecution and perfection of all those measures which will help the soldier and the sailor to do *their* duty—which is to win the war—and furnish us as a nation and an Empire with the means for ensuring that the victory we are going to win shall be worth the winning because of the new era of peace and prosperity it will unfold. I have been for a long while somewhat disgusted with the lukewarm way in which even present Ministers have treated those resolutions of the Paris Conference, which were devised with one object—to secure trade for the Empire in association with our Allies and to prevent the German ever again building up his commercial strength out of our strength, and feeding as a parasite upon our trade markets. Let us hope the Imperial Cabinet which meets at so auspicious a moment will be able to put the business side of the coming peace on a practical footing. Prominent representatives of India and of all the great Dominions are meeting our statesmen on equal terms. This is as it should be. The days when Ministers dared to talk of "banging and bolting the door" in the face of the Dominions has gone for ever. Now that door is not even on the latch; it is wide open, and the People of the three Kingdoms wait with outstretched hands to welcome those who have fought and bled side by side with the old country in the bloodiest, costliest war in history.

Dubious Prussian Methods.

Do not let us forget that, apart from the material aspects of the conflict—and I am not going to suggest that there is not a material side—there is the great moral aspect. Ministers and politicians are never tired of telling us that we are waging a war for liberty—for the emancipation of Europe from the thraldom of militarism. That I sincerely believe. But when I look around at home, and see the multiplication of officials, the almost daily birth of some new branch of bureaucracy, the hourly issue of new Orders and Regulations, the denial of this liberty, the curtailment of that licence, dragooning here and restricting there, I wonder whether after all, there is security for the liberties we have so long and so proudly enjoyed when we are fighting Prussianism with something that looks very much like Prussianism. I have said a hundred times that I would close every public-house in the country and shut down every public journal, if I were convinced it was a necessary, and an inevitable, step to victory. But restrictions based on fanaticism, and embargoes which have the effect of clogging the only vent for the expression of public opinion, are a danger to freedom and to liberty. I make this prediction: that if the hand of government—which has a right to be strong that the nation may benefit, but should never be placed

NORTH SEA!

MORE WORDS TO THE POLITICIANS.

EDITOR.

at the service of the oppressor—is for a moment suspected of intolerance and unfairness, the people of this country will not remain quiet and acquiescent. When I read that, in order to discover whether some foolish and fearful person has "hoarded" a pound or two of sugar, the police are to have the right of search—to enter my house or your house at any hour—then I say this is the Defence of the Realm Act run mad.

Close the North Sea!

And let us take to another matter—one of vital concern to the Empire and the Allies—the blockade. How vital it is no one knows better than the enemy. For the blockade could and would have ended the war months ago if our Navy had been permitted to do what it still could do to-morrow—close the North Sea absolutely to shipping. From time to time, for months past, I have quoted figures to show how, owing to the action of our Foreign Office, the Navy has been hampered in its work, with the result that cargoes are permitted to reach neutral ports and ultimately find their way to Germany. Norway and Sweden have been great offenders; but Denmark is a grosser and Holland is the worst offender, and unless the Dutch are taught a sharp lesson they will continue to aid the foe and so help to prolong the war. It is useless to mince words. We have the command of the sea—at any rate, *on* the water; and unless we use it to the full we are betraying the cause for which our sons are dying and our Allies are giving their best blood. We have tried kid-glove methods—we have sought to make arrangements with so-called Trusts to prevent the foe being fed by ships passing under the nose of the Navy. But that has failed. Germany, as I have stated, is in dire straits for food. But she must be literally starved if the work—the splendid work—of our soldiers in the West is to be supported by the only kind of aid our Navy can offer. The next month or two will be decisive. If Germany, by the privation and suffering of her people, could hold out until the coming harvest, the complete and overwhelming victory that is within our grasp might be again postponed. Holland is helping the foe. It is our duty to stop her. Neutrals hardly squeal when Germany sinks their ships at sight. What better treatment do we receive in return for our weakness and consideration? In the past year the Dutch sent thousands more tons of butter and cheese and fish and meat and potatoes to Germany than in the year before the war, while at the same time they have shamefully denied to us these very articles of food. Does such conduct call for the turning of the other cheek?

Eloquent Figures.

If Holland sends 49,000 tons of meat to the foe in 1916 (the exact total she sent to us in 1913), and reduces the quantity shipped to England from 49,000 to 9,900 tons, is it not madness for us to permit cattle-food to be carried by way of the North Sea to Dutch ports? Before the war we received 5,700 tons of Dutch eggs; last year we obtained a miserable 790 tons, while Germany's supply rose from 15,900 to 30,000 tons. We need potatoes. Yet last year our supply from Holland fell from 132,000 tons to 3,000 tons, while Germany's fell only from 154,000 to 122,000 tons. Those are the kind of comparisons which carry their own meaning. Holland favours the enemy. Very well; then Holland must be made to understand and appreciate the might of Britain which rests in the Navy. Little better is the case of Denmark. The enemy is being fed while we who have command of the North Sea are being denied. Soya beans are valuable for the making of cattle-cake, and Denmark is importing 150 per cent. more than she did before the war. The neutral is fattening cattle for Germany, and, while we are allowing ships to carry the feeding stuff, the Dane is sending fattened cattle into Germany—as many as 8,000 a week. Butter, eggs and bacon which used to come to England are crossing into the enemy's country. How long are we to allow Denmark to replenish her store from ships that pass through the cordon of our Navy? When shall we stop the transit of feeding stuffs which support cattle sent from neutral into enemy country?

Off with the Gloves!

We are out to win this war at all costs—yes, *at all costs*. That is the national feeling, whatever may be the views of the Foreign Office. When the Asquith Coalition fell we got rid of Sir Edward Grey. But Lord Robert Cecil remained, and he is now Blockade Minister. I deplored at the time his continuance in office, and surely the truth about this half-hearted blockade justifies all I have written. Germany is sinking our grain ships at sight; vessels laden with frozen meat are sent to the bottom of the ocean by the enemy submarine. But while Germany is making ruthless war on the seas we are making kid-glove war—we are not playing the game to ourselves or to our Allies. Every ton of food that goes to Denmark and the Netherlands, even if it does not actually find its way to the Hun, is used by the Neutral and releases other foods for the enemy. It is a shameful thought; it is an iniquity. *And it must stop!* "We've got the men, we've got the ships." *Close the North Sea!* Make these money-grabbing Neutrals depend on their own food supplies, their own fertilisers and feeding stuffs, and then nothing will go to the enemy. Germany's starvation hour will strike. Then will the wonderful prowess of our fighting men, who are blasting the enemy out of France, find its complement and companion in the power of the British Fleet. We want to end the war speedily—this year, this summer. The Hun on the run—that is the military picture of 1917; the starving Hun is the Naval picture which our sailors will paint for us in lurid colours if they are given the chance. We *must* take off the gloves. We cannot, dare not, afford any more leakages in the blockade. "No Thoroughfare!" must be written in letters of fire, if need be, across the North Sea. Close the North Sea to the neutral—*to the world*. We are masters—let us assert our mastery. "No Thoroughfare!" That is the notice which Britannia, with the Trident in her hand, must hold up in the face of the world for the duration of the war.

THE ONE-MAN SUBMARINE.

RENDERING HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS RIGHTLY DUE.

According to the newspapers, "the one-man submarine is now an accomplished fact. Its inventor is an American." It might have been an accomplished fact one year ago, and the inventor a Briton, had the Admiralty then cared to go into the matter. On our files is a letter from a Glasgow reader, dated March 2nd, 1916, in which he outlines "the one-man submarine"—his own name for it—"a bottle-nosed shark in appearance, with the periscope in its nose, flying through the water half submerged." The pictured American invention—"the most effective instrument yet devised for fighting submarines"—realises in many points the year-old conception of the Glasgow man. On our advice he submitted his idea to the Inventions Board, and he received in due course the official, stereotyped reply that his suggestions "had been noted." And he never heard another word about "one man submarines" until the United States came forward with the proud boast that Uncle Sam is turning out this valuable weapon of under-sea warfare, as invented by an American machinery expert! Yet the notion came from Glasgow a year ago, and the Inventions Board "noted it"!

NEEDLESS PERILS.

A WORD WITH THE WAR OFFICE.

In a war like this the civilian population cannot hope to escape risks or hardship, but they have a right to expect that reasonable precaution shall be taken for their safety. At the War Office, however, this consideration is occasionally overlooked. In a South London suburb, for instance, a "bombing school," for practice with "live" grenades, is situated within a short distance of a row of dwelling houses, with only a wooden fence to protect the residents from the danger of flying missiles. That this slight fencing is wholly inadequate is shown by the fact that one property owner in the neighbourhood has already had ten windows broken and several roofs damaged by stray fragments of metal. Up to the present, as far as we know, no personal injuries have been sustained, but the locality is distinctly "unhealthy," and the immunity so far enjoyed by the inhabitants is traceable to exceptional good luck rather than to any foresight on the part of the Army authorities. Indeed, as things are at present, it is a moral certainty that sooner or later a serious accident will occur; and we strongly suggest to the War Office that steps should be taken at once to ensure the safety of the public. That this desirable end might be attained without the least prejudice to military requirements is beyond question; indeed, it is hard to say why a "bombing school" should ever have been established in such dangerous proximity to a residential thoroughfare.

GIDDY GIRLS OF SHEFFIELD.

OPEN ADMIRATION AND THE GLAD EYE FOR HUN PRISONERS.

Just outside Sheffield is a new internment camp for about 300 German prisoners. It is the favourite resort—the Ladies' Mile—of girls from Sheffield. They crowd the cars to get there, so that they may loll and languish, and ogle and admire the blonde beasts behind the wires—who, in their turn, strut, pose and posture to excite the adoration of these English girls. Yearningly do those amorous females promenade, gazing upon murderers and baby-killers, waving hands and handkerchiefs, blowing kisses. Openly they make remarks upon the handsome looks and physical endowments of this man and that. The more highly-favoured Huns place themselves in turn before different groups of gaping girls, so as to serve them all alike with an exhibition of their masculine perfection. A Hun will fondle another Hun, expressing his meaning in dumb show, and the maids of Sheffield nod and sigh, to evince their perfect understanding. They have but one regret, those females: they cannot speak the language of the brutes. Perhaps they will alter that soon, by attending some German classes in the city. What may be the thoughts of the Tommies on sentry when witnessing such sickening scenes we should hesitate to suggest. But the girls themselves must be sheer, stark lunatics, when they can so behave while aware of the treatment dealt out by Huns (perhaps even by the Huns they admire) to the women and girls of Belgium and of France. Why the City Fathers of Sheffield do not intervene and prohibit that disgraceful promenade is matter for wonderment. If the police cannot stop it, it is a pity the girls' mothers are not strong enough to deal out a sound hiding to their misguided daughters.

RENT AND RATS.

NOTHING MERRY AT MERRY HILL.

No wonder the Smethwick Magistrates adjourned the application for an Ejectment Order made by a Merry Hill landlord, whose name the local paper does not mention. A woman was the tenant, paying 4s. a week, and £7 11s. 6d. was owing. Her husband had been ill for four years; he was then dead in bed, and the landlord had allowed the house to remain in such a state that the rats had eaten half the dead man's face away. The woman's daughter gave evidence that "while she sat up at night nursing her father she had to catch the rats one by one," and when the undertakers went to the house they had to put planks across the floors because the place was so unsafe. Leaving the rentless landlord's action out of the question, how comes it that the local authorities allow such abominations to continue in their midst? Testimony in court was that "the next door was the same." The District Council, or whatever is the particular institution which governs affairs at Smethwick, are either asleep or don't care how people live thereabouts. Which is it?

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

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The "Mene, mene, tekel" touch
Affrights the Kaiser very much:
It yet may prove that he—who knows?—
At home will find his fiercest foes.

A microscopic bit of meat
Ere long we may pronounce a treat.
What matters? Why, to smash the Huns,
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FREE FIRST LESSON FREE

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. EDWARD BACKHOUSE.

Next gentleman, please! . . . Shore you're next, sir? . . . 'Ere, steady, if *you* please! There's a lady in the shop, I'll ask you to remember. True, it's on'y the missus, but carn't yer settle it peaceful between yerselves? . . . Oh, thet gentleman's given way to you, 'as 'e? Well, if 'e wasn't first I'll eat this 'airbrush. '*Aircuttin'*? Mejeum or short? *Mejeum?* Right. I 'aven't 'ad a dispute in my saloon like thet fur yers. Some people are too fond o' buttin' in w'ere they ain't intitled. There was that bloke wot butted in at the Stockton-on-Tees by-election. . . . I should be obliged if you would keep yore 'ead still, sir. . . . Back'ouse, 'is name was; an' I'm glad to say 'e 'ad to take a back seat. But wot a face 'e must 'ave 'ad to stand fur election in a English constituency on the Peace ticket! 'E must 'ave a mug o' chilled steel. The "Peace by Negotiation" candidate, 'e called 'imself. 'E must be barmy. . . . Wot's thet? *You're 'im?* Well, then, *you* must be barmy, thet's orl; an' I don't know as I'm doin' me juty to the British public by cuttin' yore 'air. "Peace by Negotiation," eh? Wot erbout you quarrellin' with thet gentleman over there 'as to 'oo wos next? You wos ready to fly at 'is throat, wosn't yer? P'r'aps if 'e'd bin a dirty 'Un you'd 'ave bin more perlite. . . . I don't care wot you think. I'ope I *am* insultin'. Five 'undred an' ninety-six votes you polled, outer eight thousand, two 'undred an' thirty-seven. But I'm sorry you polled so many as thet. It shows there is more fools or traitors, or both, in Stockton then I should 'ave thought. . . . Cuttin' you too close, am I? Well I've done one side now, so I must do the other like it. It'll on'y make you look a bit more like a Boche, w'ich oughter please yer. . . . *Damages?* You'll soo me fur damages? You go on sooin', then. Yore 'air 'll grow again, won't it? Serpose I wos to soo you fur damagin' the British Empire by advocatin' peace w'en we're winnin' the wore 'ands down? Look 'ere, Mister Bloomin' Back'ouse, are you aware thet wot chew done wos calculated to incourage the enemy? I'd like to 'ave the blighters 'ere wot nominated you. Pretty Stocktonians they must be. Oughter be dropped in the Tees, on'y they'd contaminate the water, and it's quite enough to 'ave yore lovely friends the enemy poisonin' wells in France. Now you've got a proper crop. I won't charge yer nuthink fur it. I've took it outer you another way, and *I'm* satisfied. Come, 'urry up, Mister von Back'ousestein. There's a *gentleman* waitin' . . . Thet's the way to deal with *'is* sort, sir!

TALKS WITH NOTORIOUS HUNS.

BY OUR OWN CELEBRATED NEUTRAL.

Field-Marshal Von Hindenburg.

"Vot, again?" growled the Huns' last hope, scowling at me as I entered.

"Yes, just once more, you precious old thing," I said cheerily, slapping him on the back.

"Have done mit dis fooling," snarled the Emperor's bruiser.

"Exactly," I retorted. "Why don't you?"

"Not me, but *you*," he coughed.

"It is not I who am fooling," I protested. "It is you. You are fooling yourself, your country, and the Kaiser. But you are not fooling your enemies. I know, for I have lately been in England and in France."

"You have?" exclaimed the flatulent Field-Marshal. "Then you can tell me——"

"Nothing," I interposed, "beyond the disturbing fact that the Allies have got all eyes open, and it's no use your coming the old soldier with them. In short, you are discovered."

Hindenburg hung his head for a moment. Then with a manifest effort, he fixed his eyes on mine.

"My masterly retreat on der Vestern front," he begun.

I laughed. "You did not realise that it was a masterly retreat until the German press, to mask their apprehensions, called it so, eh?"

"Perhaps not. But if der German press call it a masterly retreat, it must be so. Moreover, it is der Kaiser's will dat it should be called so."

"What do *you* call it?" I asked, insinuatingly. "Between ourselves, now—*sub rosa—you* know."

Hindenburg rose, peered under the table, peeped into a cupboard, and glanced out of the window.

"Is der door shut?" he asked.

I assured myself that it was.

"All serene," I said. "Not a soul in sight—if one may refer so to Huns."

"I call it der beginning of der end," replied the harassed Hun, sinking his voice to a whisper. "We retreat because we must."

"And when are you going to stop?" I demanded.

"When we can."

"Then all this talk about the 'Hindenburg line' is flapdoodle?" I suggested.

"So. If I had my way der Hindenburg line would be der Rhine," growled Hindenburg. "But der Kaiser——"

"Der Kaiser commands your presence, Herr Von," cried a sharp voice, as the door flew open.

"Gott dam—der Kaiser wants me? I gome," responded the Field-Marshal.

"Buzz off," said I, "go to the devil."

"Devil is right," muttered the Hun, hurrying from the room to his Master.

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BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

The old campaigner, such as I am, is apt to become fastidious; but I am not crusted, and so I enjoy more than anything else, especially these days, to explore the by-ways and hedges of the boxing world—for there, in a manner few people realise, you bump across the *real* thing—that is, fighting for fighting's sake. So I ran down to Exeter and also presided at Celtic Park, where Willy Maley and others were in great form. But I would tell especially of Exeter, where Mr. Hugh Browning, Master of the Otter Hounds, is distinctly a *persona grata*. Thanks to Lieut.-Col. J. M. Gore, a rare boxer in the days of his youth, the London Regiment were permitted on St. Patrick's night to let off steam. So the Victoria Hall was engaged, and with Captain Waller as President they brought off a boxing tournament which in every way was a great success. There was the Hippodrome Cup to be fought for, the Browning Cup and the Mark Sheridan Cup to be won, besides other distinctions. Mick O'Brien came straight from the stokehole to meet Fred Newberry, and, like the true Irishman, set out to settle all grievances in real, royal Irish fashion. He suffered himself to be hammered, however, but he, nevertheless, confessed to having a good time—just a break from stoking; and it has been arranged that Newberry shall meet Private Attwood, not inaptly described as "Canada's Coming Champion," who on this night won the principal bout against Lance-Corporal Doherty, a clever youth who has made a satisfactory show at the National Sporting Club. The future programme of this particular battalion of the London Regiment I do not exactly know, but the lads who make up this fine fighting force may depend upon it that so long as their C.O. is Gore and their Captain is Waller, they will have many more nights of real joy. I shall long remember Exeter. And yet what happened in the West Country City is quite common. "Tell people, through JOHN BULL," I am repeatedly asked, "that, so long as Tommy is free to have boxing, the British Army's all right!"

Since it is plain that as flyweight Wilde has a clear field, there is, not unnaturally, talk about the Welshman chancing his arm as a bantam. Though he has not been a soldier very long, there is no doubt that Wilde has benefited by military training. He is bigger and heavier, and at the moment I do not know of any bantam he need be afraid of. But I would say this: I do hope Wilde will not seek through his well-meaning friends to bite off more than he can chew, so to speak. Unless he makes a lot of weight, and by so doing is forced to enter a different class, I should imagine the proper idea would be to go on picking up the good things, and then when the war is over make a world's tour to prove that England has got the greatest little man who ever lived, and, incidentally, reap quite a fortune.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"CHUMS":—

"A grimy HAND dropped a shovel and STEPPED towards him, lifting him roughly by the coat collar and GLARING at him in the furnace glow."

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TOMMY AND JACK.

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A Tip from Winchester.

Winchester, like many other camps, suffers from the number of men sent back from the Front, crippled or patched up, and returned to the slaughter more or less unfit—while many thousands of fit young fellows are allowed to hide in the funk-holes. We have before us a letter from a boy at Winchester, who says: "I am afraid I shall have to go out again, as I have been put on a draft. If I were fit I would not mind, but I am scarcely able to walk. It is wicked to see some of the fellows who are told that they are all right and must carry on." Enough said!

Letters of Thanks.

Following our recent paragraph concerning Company Officers' prohibition of their men communicating with JOHN BULL, and the under-handed methods of some Non-Commissioned Officers in dealing with the soldiers, we have received a bale of letters of thanks—some of which, we are glad to say, tell us that since the appearance of the paragraph in question, Commanding Officers have called their N.C.O.s together, and given them advice as to the correct method of dealing with their subordinates, and gaining their loyalty and esteem. That is good!

Where We Come In.

A responsible departmental Member of Parliament tells us that the soldier's pay will be raised—probably at the end of the war. He also dropped a hint that, when the campaign is over, soldiers who are now saving the Empire will probably have something to say. So shall we. In fact, we have quite a long discourse, divided under many heads, of which for patriotic reasons we do not unburden ourselves at the moment.

To Sir Alfred Keogh.

We would ask the Director-General of Medical Services if it is playing the game to send new troops to Rugeley Camp, having regard to the conditions there. Sir Alfred's kind attention will oblige.

That Potato!

The boys round the camps send us a message that will seem strange to the householder. They ramp and rave against the eternal dinner of stew, made with potatoes, that cloys on them. As regimental cooks insist upon this dish every day, we can quite understand why there is a shortage of tubers among the civil population.

The Doctor and Tommy.

Letters multiply and multiply concerning men who are not physically suited to drive a sand cart, but are passed into the service medically fit, or who report sick and are given "medicine and duty," and who die owing to the verdict of a so-called Medical Officer. Other men fall out on the march and die, or drop dead. We have not heard of any responsible person having been charged with manslaughter or murder, but we have received a rumour that one doctor is up for court-martial. Again, wait until the war is over!

Harmony Verboten!

In the Royal Naval Barracks at Dover recently one of the men was playing a tin whistle in the mess-room for the edification of his mates, the door being shut. The ear of a lieutenant detected the melody, and he made his way to the mess-room and ordered the man to desist. Had this budding Beatty known his duty, he would have sent the Master-at-Arms to "quell the disturbance."

Jack's Leave.

We have complaints from men of the Grand Fleet, to the effect that when their ships come into port after a long time at sea they are refused liberty to come ashore. When they ask why, they are told that it is "the captain's discretion." They would like us to tell them if the Commander-in-Chief is aware of the fact; but, naturally, we cannot say.

Quite Common.

Some kind-hearted persons sent a large parcel of games to one of H.M. trawlers. The things were duly placed on board, but evidently became lost—as the skipper told the men, when they asked, that he had never seen them. As the Jacks tell us, the incident has set them guessing and wondering. Men on many other vessels are also puzzled about the same kind of thing.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

Mrs. C. S. A. (Hull).—Five months is an unconscionable time for the Commissioners to take to make up their minds concerning your supplementary allowance. I am sending your case to Headquarters.

J. J. M. (Stockton).—Pensions are granted according to the loss in a man's earning powers. Having regard to the salary that you are now getting, it is probable that your present allowance will be materially cut down when you are re-examined.

Mrs. G. (Bristol).—I have had things made right, and by now you should have your book, but why didn't you notify your change of address?

W. W. (Marylebone).—See the local Secretary of the War Pensions Statutory Committee, who will provide you with Form D1, for the purpose of making an application for the supplementary allowance to which, in the circumstances, you are entitled.

J. W. B. (Devon) and Others.—As your disease was aggravated by active service at home and you were discharged, you *may*, under the new scheme which is about to be set on foot, be granted a gratuity up to £100.

E. C. W. (Hammersmith).—Your case has been considered, and I am assured that you will be granted a supplementary pension.

N. E. J. (Hampstead).—I brought the matter to the notice of the authorities, who—having considered the circumstances—will grant you a further allowance of 5s. a week.

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This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

A widow had three sons, each of whom joined the Colours. Two were killed—the third, who was on Home Service, was discharged with consumption. The mother is past the age of sixty, and depends upon occasional jobs. She appealed to us, and we helped her.

A man who was in the Crimean War had one son—his only support—who went to the Front and was killed. The old father is now in distress. He besought our aid, with the customary result.

We have again, been asked to help in connection with the funeral expenses of the dependents of soldiers who died uninsured, and have, of course, responded.

A widow in Dublin gave her three sons to the Service. They have, unhappily, been killed. Her husband, who was a hopeless invalid, has recently died, and left her without support. Upon the case being placed before us, we took the necessary steps immediately.

Several discharged soldiers, medically unfit and unable to undertake ordinary work, called on us during the week, asking for money to buy stock for hawking. They were genuine cases, and we were glad to accede to the requests—regretting at the same time that our warriors should be compelled to take up this line of business.

The harpies who batten on our Fund frequently allege the death of supposititious relatives. Upon our asking for proof, in the shape of a death certificate, they endeavour to evade the point by producing an *estimate* from an undertaker for a funeral. A personal visit results, either in it being discovered that nobody is dead at the address given, or that our caller is not known there. We should like all such easy-money merchants to understand clearly that we are not throwing away the cash which is entrusted to us to distribute.

The new scheme of pensions and allowances—particularly concerning the men who break down under training at home—will rather lighten our burden, but there is ever before us a very large number of distressing and deserving cases which are not touched by it. Thus we find that the strain upon us is, unfortunately, increasing day by day.

An artilleryman had the misfortune to meet with an accident while off duty and engaged in sport. He was a most promising soldier, but unfortunately on his discharge from the Service no Government assistance could be granted to him. He is unable to do heavy work, and has a wife and two children. We gave him the usual assistance, and found him a suitable billet.

A widow was supported by her two sons while they were in civil life. They joined the Army, and, being married, she could not get separation allowance on their behalf. They have, unfortunately, both been killed, and she is destitute. Of course, we helped her.

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Sutcliffe & Bingham, Ltd., Manchester.
Include a tin in the next parcel you send to the boys at the Front.

BEST BRITISH BICYCLES.

Write now for my Lists of Bicycle Bargains.—**PREMIERS, HUMBERS, CENTAURS, SWIFTS, TRIUMPHS, ROVERS, RAGLANS, COURT ROYALS, &c.** The cream of the Coventry makes from **£5** cash (*Maker's price £10 10s.*) Easy payments to suit your own pocket. 10 days' approval. Money-saving lists and expert advice free from **GEORGE KING,** The Great Cycle Dealer, **COVENTRY.** Half shop prices

Fight the Germs

that **poison** and **impoverish** the **blood** and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the **cause.** It cleanses the system restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Store or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept J.B.), Park Square, Leeds.

Vitadatio THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

CORK LINO

Comfort—Elegance—Durability.

Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability, and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. It is moderate in price, and we allow a discount of 2/- in the £ for cash, or you may purchase on Easy Terms. Write for free Patterns.

CATESBYS LTD.,

Dept. 19. Tottenham Court Road. London, W. 1.

"THE FOOD-BEVERAGE OF THE PEOPLE."

Vi-Cocoa—delicious, sustaining, invigorating.

6d., 9d. & 1/6 Packets.

Vi-Cocoa Watford

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of* LEGAL *inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.* FINANCIAL *and* INSURANCE *inquiries should be addressed to the Editor,* CITY JOHN BULL, *and be accompanied by a similar postal order. Full names and addresses should be given.*

E. R. (Brook Green).—An excellent idea—that the public should boycott every paper which dares to cast a slur on the memory of Lord Kitchener.

"PRO-BOTTOMLEY BRITISH."—Lord Lansdowne's speech in the House of Lords about the Traitor Princes was indeed amazing. The demand, he said, came from "outside"! It did. It does.

"DUBIOUS" (Cheltenham).—All right; if you can't believe Hindenburg is running away, can you believe he is walking fast?

Mrs. E. H. (Kennington).—Not surprised at your unavailing efforts to get into munitions works. It is a common experience for women to be told the supply is in excess of the demand, though nobody would think so from the advertisements.

W. G. (Hampstead).—"Is the Unseen Hand holding you down?" Gracious, have we been held down? Thought we had bobbed up once or twice.

"BILLPOSTER" (Chatham).—Lord Devonport's "pledge cards" are a shocking waste of paper. Such childish devices won't help us to win the war.

"SEASON" (Dundee).—"A little common sense goes a long way"—from Dundee to Long Acre, for instance.

"ARCHIBALD" (London).—Sorry our "bet-settling" department has closed down for the duration of the war.

"AN ENGLISH ROMAN CATHOLIC" (Hull).—You are very annoyed with us because you say we "took the part of the Irish girls." Jealous puss!

C. (London, E.C.).—Even a professional strong man may be medically rejected quite honestly. Anyway, it will, we hope, all come out in the revision.

"THREE SCORE AND 11."—"Several months ago I stop'd using soap." Another of the horrors of war.

F. W. N. (Lee).—You doubt whether America "will take anything but a stoppage of food supplies as a *casus belli*." Fie! you should say tum-tum.

A. E. L. (Parkhouse Camp).—A billion is a million millions. So the £1,000,000,000 new money raised by the War Loan wasn't a billion.

W. T. (New Cross, S.E.).—The "combing out" will remain more or less a farce until only one pattern comb is used throughout the country.

S. C. R. (Merrylee).—According to rumour the warship you mention has already been sunk in every quarter of the globe, but you may take it from us she is still on the active list.

CPT. C. McM. (London, N.W.).—You cannot judge military fitness by outward appearances. If you would debar civilians from joking harmlessly about the trenches, what would you do with the comic artists who are making quids by depicting the discomforts of Tommy?

"SKINNER" (Dalkeith).—Although your chest measurement is the same as Jimmy Wilde's, they wont accept you for the Army. Ours is a lot bigger than Jimmy's, but they won't take us.

"SCEPTIC" (Grimsby).—"To settle a bet, please let me know when the war will be over." Good heavens, man, if we could pick out that horse we could win a fortune.

W. T. (Nuneaton).—Invalided out through wounds, it is wrong when "if you leave one pit, no other will take you." See the manager again.

"MARGUERITE."—You think it quite possible that a man might be "prayed to death" by the exercise of occult power. Desist, Daisy, do!

"A CITIZENESS OF GLASGOW."—How would it do if one day you charged sixpence for your paper? It would do the dirty on a faithful public, and it's a tanner to a penny they wouldn't like it.

P. A. (Gower Street, W.).—"Is it too much to ask that you should stick to things you know?" We prefer, as a rule, to pass them on.

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN" (Ontario).—So you think the Bishop of London ought to "sort out his big curates." How many can you take?

F. S. (Manchester).—"When a structural firm obtains a certificate for a munitions building, it can include more steel than is required; this goes to stock for private building." So that's the dodge!

Mrs. S. (Holland Park).—We don't know why of a family of six sons none of them is serving. Perhaps the local Medical Board is unable to find among them either a blind man or a cripple.

C. B. (Dordrecht).—For the life of us we cannot understand what you are driving at, except that you object to our occasional use of "big words." However, when we had finished reading your letter, we used quite a short and simple one.

C. C. (Nottingham).—Shocked to hear that one of your Magistrates walked into Court with a pipe in his mouth. The poor gentleman was evidently suffering from absence of mind—and manners.

"GASSED" (Gravesend).—Gravesend Health Committee announce that 2s., found in the lock of the lavatory, has been placed to account. The rates will come down with a run next quarter.

F. D. (Kent).—For goodness sake let us leave something untaxed. After bicycles, you will probably advocate the taxation of "scooters," of which also there are thousands in use.

J. G. R. (Barnsbury, N.).—Developing your caustic observations on Mr. Alfred Butt's appointment as assistant to Lord Devonport, we may shortly hear of Miss Marie Lloyd being called upon to lend the Prime Minister a hand.

R. W. (Ormskirk).—"War has come along and said, 'A change should now be made. And if you want some exercise you ought to wield a spade.' And as we dig the waste lands to help to feed the nation. We know that, as we bury seeds, We're out for re-creation." Tut to you!

"FATHER OF GIRLS" (France).—"One of the girls is now working on a farm, rising at 3.30 in the morning. After paying for her board, she receives 1s. 6d. a week." Poor thing!

T. H. G. (Streatham).—"Why does a vessel sink when struck by a torpedo?" For precisely the opposite reason why it floats when it isn't.

J. C. (Belvedere).—"Does the ordinary week commence on Sunday or Monday?" On Sunday—but much depends on the way you spend your Saturday afternoons.

A. J. B.—Will you return home? Very much missed.

M. (Balham).—A University woman, anxious to help the country, said she would like to keep bees. She asked, "Where can I get my first bee? At the florist's?" Buzz-z-z!

MRS. P. (Chester).—A Chester barber, offered a paid job to shave some legless soldiers in hospital, asked, "Would it be worth his while?" Was it worth their while to fight and suffer for him?

CPL. H. H. (Dunington).—From the *Evening News*:—"It was pouring with half rain, half sleet, and half snow." We thought 2 halves made 1 whole—except army rations, where 1 half equals 1 whole.

"FRIZZY LIZZY."—"My hubby says that after the war it will be compulsory for all men to have two wives. I don't like the idea." Neither do we; any man who wants two mothers-in-law is a hog.

"FAIR PLAY" (Dover).—"The deck hands of the Drifter Petrol are not used as men but as beasts, and if things are not amended there will be trouble." Don't make trouble, boys—stick it. Pour the "petrol" on the troubled waters.

MRS. E. S. (Saltcoats).—You are a Scot; your husband is an Italian fighting on our side. Write to the Managing Director of the works mentioned, telling him this; then perhaps you won't be turned down as an "Alien."

R. W. (Newton).—We certainly think that in these days the Flintshire County Authority might make it convenient to pay the police pensioners monthly, instead of quarterly.

"JACK" (Camden Town).—The 12,000 prizes in connection with our "Bullets" Special Easter Offer will all be despatched before the holidays.

"ARUNDEL" (Norwich).—For goodness' sake get a laugh on you sometimes. Ever heard that story about the man who became so tired of going to his own funeral that he rose again and sat, grinning, beside the driver?

"WEEKLY ADMIRER" (Greenock).—Thanks for story about the regimental goat who chews up all the papers he can get hold of except JOHN BULL. It is a wise goat that knows the friend of Tommy.

D. J. S. (Croydon).—Mr. J. A. Kensit has the "idolatry of War Shrines" on the brain.

J. R. G. (Ashington).—We don't believe every collier is a millionaire; but we do believe most of the coalowners and middlemen have been trying to be.

PRIVATE A. C. (Gretna).—Afraid we cannot help you to find your lost kit "left behind in a fish-shop at Euston." Oh, those fish-shops!

LCE.-CPL. O.C. (France).—If married soldiers could get more leave, the result should be beneficial to the future of the race.

G. (Blandford).—"The dog gets ¾ lb. best gravy beef every other day, and 8d. worth of chocolate, and sleeps in the same bed as Mrs. ——." Sorry for the dog.

M. T. (Glasgow).—You dreamed you saw some flags floating in the sky, then a cloud; breaking through was ourself, "with a defiant look which seemed to say, 'I told you so.'" See what comes of sleeping on your back.

B. (Edinburgh).—There is still some discontent about those Scottish Concerts at the Front, mainly because of the "patronage" of a German Princess.

"A READER" (Dunstable).—"What have you got in the Bag-dad?" "Turkey, my boy!" We are thinking out a fitting punishment for this offence.

"FRANK" (Lurgan).—We *could* oblige you with Winston Churchill's address, but by doing so should we be obliging Winston Churchill?

WELFARE.—We have received a small snapshot of the grave of Sergt. Welfare on the Island of Lemnos. We shall be pleased to pass it on to his next of kin upon application.

ANONYMOUS (Melton Mowbray) says he cannot see one word of common-sense in JOHN BULL. Pity the poor blind!

M. W. (W. Kens.).—Funny advert. for flat wanted "by officer's wife (Regular)." We certainly hope so.

A. W. (near Dover).—"Why are sailors' trousers so wide at the bottom?" You mean, so wide at the two extremities?

MRS. R. (Belmont).—As you say: "Beyond this isle the 'JOHN BULL Pen' is sent to women, children, men, Our Tommies realise its worth, For from it flows a lot of mirth." Let's hope there'll never be a dearth, Until we all get off the earth.

R. M. (Aberdeen).—"Please put my name in next week's paper, and how do you like my drawing?" We should hate to tell you.

"A WRETCHED FOREIGNER."—We should not dream of calling you "a wicked old foreigner," but judging by your letter you seem to be a silly old fool.

"REVOTSEN."—In the case of the Railway Companies apply to the "Manager," and of the Police Forces, to the "Chief Constable." If writing to the Manchester City Force, address the Chief as "Your Majesty."

"CURIOUS" (Euston).—Our "fair partner" is going strong, but, though neither maid nor widow, has changed her name to *Everywoman's*. However, being all-British, she is entitled to do so, despite the fact that there is a war on!

E. G. O'K. (Shooter's Hill).—The *Morning Post's* error of "Durham Light Obituary" for "Durham Light Infantry" was not a joke.

"STOKER" (H.M.S. *Renown*).—We had already seen the page in Miss Agnes Weston's journal in which appears the couplet: "How similar are dogs to men, But give me dogs for choice." Some men might retort that it is a strange preference for an old cat.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

(TO BE HANDED TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.)

"JOHN BULL" ORDER FORM.

To (name of Newsagent) .....

Please reserve for me weekly, until further notice, a copy of "JOHN BULL."

Signature ..... *Date* ..... 1917.

Address .....

NOBLE'S

This serviceable suit is an example of the wonderful quality offered by Noble's. The value given is unbeatable, for Noble's prices are manufacturers' prices.

THE "RUGBY" SUIT from 19/6.

The "Rugby" Suit for boys from 10 to 15 years of age, as sketch, consists of Coat with fashionable long lapel, ordinary Vest, and Knickers with band and buttons.

Well made and finished from superior Tweeds that will give every satisfaction. Colours: Dark Grey Stripe, Mid Grey Mixture, Brown Fancy Stripe, and in Navy Vicuna.

Ages and Prices—

10	11	12 yrs.
19/6	20/-	20/9
13	14	15 yrs.
21/6	22/-	22/9

Send for NOBLE'S FREE FASHION BOOK, also ask for Patterns of Newest Materials

JOHN NOBLE Ltd.
Dpt. 20 Brook St. Mills, MANCHESTER.

FREEMANS REAL TURTLE SOUP
made in a minute with Freemans Real Turtle Cubes.
Four in a box. 1/-
Freemans SOUPS Watford

INDIGESTION & CONSTIPATION

Rid your System easily and naturally of all poisonous wastes by taking the Dr. Young Tablets and performing the simple, easy, yet scientific exercises shown in the famous Dr. Young Booklet "My System." You need "My System" to learn how to keep free from Indigestion, Constipation and kindred complaints. The Dr. Young Tablets are invaluable for the elimination of all stomach and bowel troubles.

Send 6d. for a sample box of Dr. Young Tablets, and a copy of "My System" will be included free by the Dr. Young Co. Ltd., (Dept. J.B. 8) Sun Buildings, Leeds.

Dr. YOUNG'S TABLETS

RILEY'S Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. **Seven Days' Free Trial.** Prices from **£5 15s.** The 6ft. 4in. size at **£5 15s.** cash or 15 monthly payments of **8s. 6d.** is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from **£13 10s.** cash or in 13 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington
London Showrooms, 147, Aldersgate St., E.C.

WEAK NERVES.

I SPECIALISE in the cure of **Nerve, Stomach and Heart** weakness. Send me particulars of your case and 2 stamps. I will then send my remarkable free **Book and Advice.** I offer health and happiness.

UNDER GUARANTEE!
THOMAS INCH, 745, Clarendon Rd., Putney, LONDON, S.W. 15.

"BULLETS"—THE SPARE-TIME COMPETITION.

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 5th.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(231) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 231, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 5th.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(231) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 5th.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(231) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent

Signed _____

Address _____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 232. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 12th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **232** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 232,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 232.

THE IRISH QUESTION	SWALLOWS EVERYTHING	MOVING HIS AUDIENCE	TELEPHONE GIRL
SERIOUS WARNING	KEEPING HOME TOGETHER	ALL AT SEA	LEARNING HIS LESSON
TELLING ANOTHER	FATHER'S BEER	RUNNING RIOT	OUR GREENGROCER
NOW'S THE TIME	FEW LIKE HER	BEFORE THE WEDDING	DEBT OF HONOUR
FEELING BAD	JUST ENOUGH	ONE THING NEEDFUL	FINISHING THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to

JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition is to be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION, No. 231.

WHEN GERMANY RETREATS
UPSETTING HINDENBURG
FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM
APRIL FOOL
NOT ALL THERE
WIFE'S SECRET
THE FOOD QUESTION
TRYING GIRL
STRIKING TO WIN
WITHOUT BEER
MOTHER'S ADVICE
THE BOYS IN BLUE
THE DAY OFF
POOR FATHER
AFTER THE SCRAPS
FRIGHTFUL MISTAKE
THE OLD GANG
FANCY PRICES
TEN DAYS' LEAVE
FIGHTING ON
THE WINNING LINE
STILL RUNNING
WHAT BOTTOMLEY SAYS
STANDING FAST
COSTER'S DONKEY
MASTERING THE AIR
GOOD HELPING
TURNING OUT WELL
WANTING MORE
THE KAISER'S DOOM

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will guide you:—

Example:—WANTING MORE.
Bullet:—AFTER LANDLADY SERVES LODGERS.

Example:—TURNING OUT WELL.
Bullet:—OUR MONTHLY GIRLS.

Example:—GOOD HELPING.
Bullet:—PLEASES TOMMY.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 21st.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated March 31st.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" £1,000 EASTER OFFER (COMPETITION No. 229) WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

COUGHS THAT HURT.

Mother and Baby Cured by Veno's

Baby Russell.

MRS. RUSSELL, 1, Ossett-road, Grays, Essex, says:—"The first time I used Veno's Lightning Cough Cure was for my baby. He was suffering with severe bronchial cough that was terribly trying to the poor little thing, and I could not find anything to relieve him until I tried Veno's. Then baby got relief almost at once, and very soon he was as well as ever. Since then I have used Veno's myself, and have found it splendid. Mine was one of those troublesome coughs that give no rest. I was nearly always coughing. And it hurt, too; indeed it strained my whole body. But when I commenced taking Veno's it soon went easy, and in quite a short time I was completely cured."

SIXPENNY BOOK FREE. Write now for the "Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. Address, The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester.

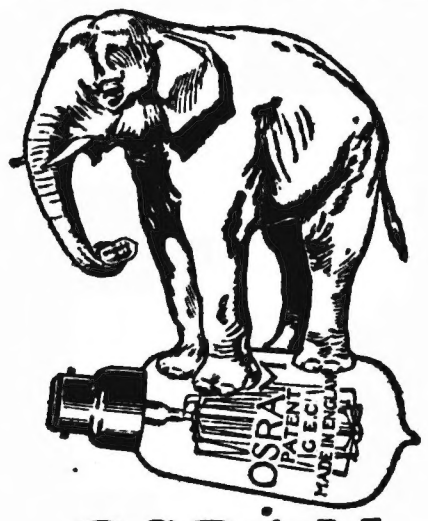
Veno's Lightning Cough Cure instantly relieves and speedily cures

INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, COUGHS AND COLDS, **11½d.** A Bottle. ASTHMA, BLOOD SPITTING, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Larger sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's, and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH



OSRAM
G.E.C.
LAMPS

ARE EXCLUSIVELY THE PRODUCT OF
BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL
MADE ONLY AT
HAMMERSMITH, LONDON.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** at the number exhibition will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done

The following have sent in correct claims:—
ALFRED RICE, 45, Wray street, West Kensington. February 24 h. 001,261.
W. SPENCER, 4, Old Market Plain, Lowestoft. February 24th. A332,187.
PETER DEANS, 8, Crossflat-crescent, Paisley. March 3rd. 194,510.
W. GREGORY, 1 Ct., 7, House, Greets Green, West Bromwich. March 3rd. A346,163.
C. H. COLLIS, 8, Wilfred-avenue, Halton, near Leeds. March 10th. A400,892.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 24th:—

036,950	347,758	665,921	900,608	A184,589
051,688	389,926	699,408	934,845	A203,270
085,272	422,024	710,675	976,321	A248,726
134,411	442,753	728,414	991,964	A326,508
163,395	477,882	764,563	A023,457	A387,044
172,674	516,530	809,761	A057,165	A392,313
200,202	532,694	833,200	A085,559	A439,256
234,563	583,357	859,465	A092,636	A461,643
289,106	629,860	897,140	A136,239	A514,203
291,425	648,293	899,025	A172,978	A569,794

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published April 4th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for March 24, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 007,248 and A472,120 Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

The full conditions governing this scheme are published in previous editions of JOHN BULL, *and will appear in future in the first issue of each month.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of **£200**

Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled **£100**

Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding... ... ... **£350**

Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to ... **£25**

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to **£10**

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY.

You may if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Mar. 31, 1917. Address .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause [*a*] of the Registration Form below, and forward it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT. JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

This is to notify that I have this day—
(Strike out one of these.)

March 31, 1917.

(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....Newsagent, of ..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

.....OR.....

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week, from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

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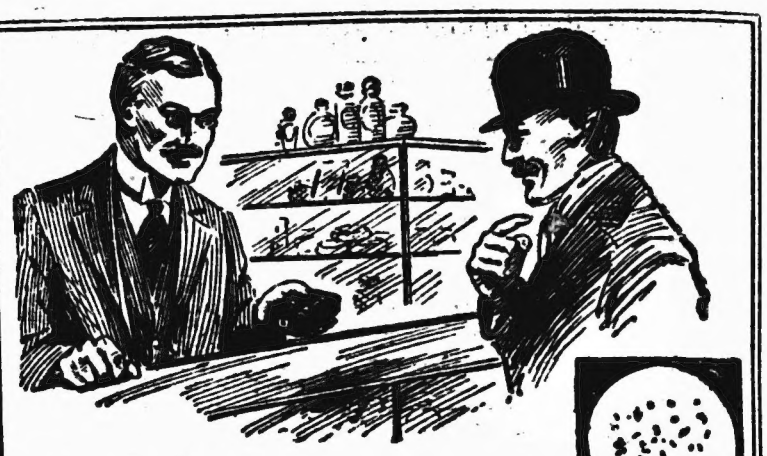

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